118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
We sicken to shun sickneſſe when we purge.
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetneſſe,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetneſſe,
To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
The ills that were,not grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthfull state
Which rancke of goodneſſe would by ill be cured.
But thence I learne and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

What potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
Applying feares to hopes,and hopes to feares,
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought it selfe so bleſſed neuer?
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
In the distraction of this madding feuer?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is, by euil still made better.
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
Growes fairer then at first,more strong,far greater.
So I returne rebukt to my content,
And gaine by ills thriſe more then I haue spent.

120

That you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
And for that sorrow , which I then didde feele,
Needes must I vnder my tranſgreſſion bow,
Vnleſſe my Nerues were braſſe or hammered steele,
For if you were by my vnkindneſſe shaken

As I by yours , y'haue past a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepeſt sence,how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you,as you to me then tendred
The humble salue,which wounded boſomes fits!
But that your treſpaſſe now becomes a fee,
Mine ranſoms yours,and yours muſt ranſome mee.

121

'Tis better to be vile then vile esteemed,
When not to be,receiues reproach of being,
And the iuſt pleasure loſt,which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling,but by others seeing.
For why should others falſe adulterat eyes
Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am,and they that leuell
At my abuſes,reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they them-ſelues be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes,my deedes muſt not be shown
Vnleſſe this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badneſſe raigne.

122.

Thy guift,,thy tables,are within my braine
Full characterd with laſting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date,euen to eternity.
Or at the leaſt,so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to ſubſiſt,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee,thy record neuer can be miſt:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore;
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,